But you must trouble him with lewd complaints.
Qu. Brother of Glocester, you mistake the matter:
The King of his owne royall disposition,
And not prouokt by any suiter else,
Aiming belike at your interiour hatred,
Which in your outward actions shewes it selfe,
Against my kindred, brother, and my selfe:
Makes him to send that thereby he may gather
The ground of your ill will and to remoue it.
Glo. I cannot tell, the world is growen so bad
That wrens make pray where Eagles dare not pearch,
Since euery Iacke became a Gentleman:
Theres many a gentle person made a Iacke.
Qu. Come come, we know your meaning brother Gl.
You enuy my aduancement and my friends,
God graunt we neuer may haue need of you.
Glo. Meane time God grants that we haue need of you,
Our brother is imprisoned by your meanes,
My selfe disgract, and the nobility
Held in contempt, whilst many faire promotions,
Are daily giuen to enoble those
That scarce some two daies since were worth a noble.
Qu. By him that raisde me to this carefull height,
From that contented hap which I enioyd,
I neuer did incense his Maiesty
Against the Duke of Clarence: but haue beene,
An earnest aduocate to pleade for him.
My Lord you doe me shamefull iniury,
Falsely to draw me in these vile suspects.
Glo. You may deny that you were not the cause,
Of my Lord Hastings late imprisonment.
Riu. She may my Lord.
Glo. She may Lo: Ryuers, why who knowes not so?
She may doe more Sir then denying that:
She may helpe you to many faire preferments,
And then deny her ayding hand therein,
And lay those honours on your high deserts,
What may she not, she may, yea marry may she.

Riu.

Riu. What marrie may she?
Glo. What marrie may she? marry with a King,
A batcheler, a handsome stripling too.
Iwis your Grandam had a worser match.
Qu. My Lo. of Glocester, I haue too long borne
Your blunt vpbraidings, and your bitter scoffes,
By heauen I will acquaint his Maiestie,
With those grosse taunts I often haue endured.
I had rather be a countrey seruant maid,
Then a great Queene with this condition,
To be thus taunted, scorned, and baited at: *Enter Qu.*
Small ioy haue I in being Englands Queene. *Margaret.*
Qu. Mar. And lesned be that small, God I beseech thee,
Thy honour, state, and seate is due to me.
Glo. What? threat you me with telling, of the King?
Tell him and spare not, looke what I haue said,
I will auouch in presence of the King:
Tis time to speake, my paines are quite forgot.
Qu. Mar. Out diuell, I remember them too well,
Thou slewest my husband Henrie in the Tower.
And Edward my poore sonne at Teuxburie.
Glo. Ere you were Queene, yea or your husband King,
I was a packehorse in his great affaires.
A weeder out of his proud aduersaries,
A liberall rewarder of his friends:
To royalize his bloud I spilt mine owne.
Qu. Mar. Yea, and much better bloud, then his or thine.
Glo. In all which time, you and your husband Gray,
Were factious for the house of Lancaster:
And Riuers, so were you. Was not your husband
In Margarets battaile at Saint Albons slaine?
Let me put in your minds, if yours forget
What you haue beene ere now, and what you are:
Withall, what I haue beene, and what I am.
Qu. Ma. A murtherous villaine, and so still thou art.
Glo. Poore Clarence did forsake his father Warwicke,
Yea and forswore himselfe (which Iesu pardon.)
Qu. Mar. Which God reuenge.

so was not.